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mind. To Ireland, and to popery, Mr. Forsyth is kind enough to devote considerably the greater portion of his book; we cannot say, however, that either is very much obliged to him for the character he draws of them, or that they ought to send him a retainer to plead their cause.

It is curious enough, that Mr. Coleridge and he coincide, in regarding the celibacy of the Roman Catholic Clergy, as one of the most formidable political evils of the Romish ecclesiastical discipline. Our practical acquaintance with the men, would not lead us to believe that all personal selfishness is by that means merged in a desire to aggrandize their order. But we are treading on white ashes and have done. Only in return for the kind attentions Mr. Forsyth has bestowed upon us, we can honestly assure him, as the Highlandman did his flummery, that "he need not tremble, for we shall not touch him."

*History of the Progress and Suppression of the Reformation in Spain, in the Sixteenth Century.* By Thomas McCrie, D. D. pp. 424.—Blackwood, Edinburgh; and Cadell, London.

THERE is a pleasant saying in the mouths of certain sapient persons, who are fond of echoing smart paradoxes, which they do not understand, "that persecution is very favourable to the advancement of religious sects." The persecution of the Inquisition did not prove particularly beneficial to the interests of the Lutheran opinions in Spain. The number of converts to the reformed belief had already amounted to two thousand persons, most of them illustrious for rank or learning, when the Inquisitors first discovered its secret progress, which they effectually arrested, and crushed the spread of truth, of intellect and freedom, in the bud, by the simple process of extermination.

With the general history of the Protestant Reformation, we may fairly presume our readers are already familiarly acquainted. Its progress in Italy and Spain, in Hungary, Bohemia, and the Netherlands, though infinitely less conspicuous, and less important than in Germany, France, and England, is yet well deserving of a laborious and accurate historian, such as the former two have found in Dr. McCrie, a man of patient and minute research, and who had already approved himself a worthy labourer in the important field of ecclesiastical history. The present work is well calculated to sustain, and to increase his former reputation. It is painfully and ably written; and though the reader must not expect *much* that is striking and gratifying in the history of the Reformation in Spain, yet when it is recollect that until now, we were in almost total ignorance upon the subject, which is passed over in all but total silence by every other ecclesiastical historian, he will not be disposed to regard lightly or slightly, the valuable results of Dr. McCrie's investigation.

*Manual of the Weather* for the year 1830. By George Mackenzie.—Blackwood, Edinburgh, and Cadell, London.

THIS is a very curious book, but we are sorry to say we do not altogether understand it. The author is of opinion, that the laws which

regulate the weather are as uniform and steady in their operation, as those which produce the alterations of day and night, or the flux and reflux of the tides. He conceives that he has discovered a fifty-four year cycle of the weather, which enables him to predict its state with accuracy, for any given month in any future year. As his observations purport to apply in a general manner to the British isles, there appears to us a great difficulty on the very threshold of the system, namely, that quite different sorts of weather are experienced in different places at the same time. The simplest way, however, of bringing Mr. Mackenzie's skill to a test of which all are competent to judge, is to give his conclusions as to the weather that we may expect in 1830. Thus for the month of January he predicts as follows:

"A few foggy days promise to appear in this month, with some hard frost and snow; but the quantity of both these last combined will be moderate;" (would that our rheumatize confirmed the prognostic,) "and during this month the other phenomena are generally either average or minus. The winds will be pretty evenly distributed, according to their respective averages, in the east, west, north, and south. Few, however, care so much for the direction of the winds, as for the other phenomena; although in the system of the weather, the winds are the levers which raise or produce the effects, as rain, snow, cold, frost, &c."

That a great deal of minute and scientific attention has been paid to the phenomena of the atmosphere, by the author of this little work, we cannot for a moment doubt, but we rather apprehend that he has not been so successful in the practical results, or at least in developing them to others, as he seems to anticipate.

## ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

London, January 19, 1830.

It was deuced, dry, and despotic, of you, Mr. President, to cut off, at one fell swoop, all the beautiful essay about politics which formed the exordium of my last letter. Did you not perceive how exceedingly that which you did not cut off, looked like the tail of something, without a body? I am an exceedingly grave person, and only touch upon such light matters as those which formed the conclusion of my last letter, by way of relaxation, after the severity of my previous lucubrations, which, for want of affairs of my own to busy myself about, generally refer to the affairs of the nation at large. In very truth, most excellent president, if you will not let me write upon politics, you will deprive me of the pleasure of giving, and your dear public of the benefit of receiving a knowledge of some very profound and important matters, upon which no one, with due modesty be it spoken, discourses more luminously than myself.—By the bye, did you ever hear the story about the "luminous" Gibbon? To be sure you did; but by way of infliction for your treatment of my last letter, I shall tell it you all over again: Sheridan was flourishing away one of his wonderful speeches in Westminster Hall, upon the impeachment of Warren Hastings—Gibson was in one of the galleries, and Sherry, in recounting the atrocities which he was pleased to attribute to Mr. Hastings, said that not in the pages of those great historians, the profound and accurate Tacitus or the "luminous" Gibbon, could there be found a parallel to the abominable deeds which he described. Afterwards, when some one told Sheridan how proud and how delighted the English Historian was of having been ranked with Tacitus, and called the "luminous" Gibbon—Pooh! said the wit, he made a slight mistake, it must have been the "luminous Gibbon!" I said.

Seriously, people here who are not professional, nor mercantile, nor manufacturing, and of such there be a few, live upon politics for their more substantial, intellectual, food—the subject is one of permanent yet ever varying excitement, and now it is one of painful interest, and yet you have the barbarity to interdict me.—I never shall—never can—forgive you.—Hang me if I ever call you President again.

What can I write about—The Theatres? What do you care about London Theatricals? The Fine Arts? Is not your last Gazette full of them, and "what can I say to you more," as Mr. Moore says in the song. Literary Chit-chat? But was I not in a drawing room lately, where I heard certain threats of an epistle to you, which must, ex necessitate, be infinitely more graceful and more pleasant than any thing I could say about Literary Chit-chat; if you are not already, as I shrewdly suspect, choke full of other matters for No. 4.

But a word, a serious one, about the new Life of Byron, whereof every one speaketh, to say nothing of all those who write.

It will go far to fix the already forming opinion about that noble genius, but unworthy man. I scarcely know whether to think it is a good or an evil, that the mere man, Neil Gordon Byron, should be brought so close to the public eye, as this book will bring him. Assuredly it is an useful thing, and very pitiful.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

### TO A LILY FLOWERING BY MOONLIGHT.

Oh! why thou lily pale,  
Lov'st thou to flower in the wan moonlight,  
And shed thy rich perfume upon the night?  
When all thy sisterhood  
In silken cowl and hood—  
Screen thy soft faces from the sickly gale?  
Fair horned Cynthia woos thee, modest flower,  
And with her beaming lips,  
Thy kisses cold she sips,  
For thou art, ay, her only paramour;  
What time she mightly quits her starry bower  
Tricked in celestial light,  
And silver crescent bright.  
Oh! ask thy vestal queen;  
If she will thee advise,  
Where in the blessed skies,  
That maiden may be seen,  
Who hung like thee, her pale head through the day,  
Love sick and pining, for the evening ray;  
And lived a virgin chaste amid the folly  
Of this bad world, and died of melancholy?

### SONNET.

There is no remedy for time mispent,  
No healing for the waste of idleness,  
Whose very languor is a punishment—  
Heavier than active souls can feel or guess.  
Oh! hours of indolence and discontent—  
Not now to be redeemed! ye sting not less,  
Because I know this span of life was lent—  
For lofty duties, not for selfishness.  
Not to be whiled away in aimless dreams,  
But to improve ourselves and serve mankind,  
Life and its choicest faculties were given.  
Man should be ever better than he seems—  
And shape his acts, and discipline his mind  
To walk adorning earth, deserving heaven.

A. de V.